WAR MADE HIM AN AUTHOR

WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT ONCE A CAVALRYMAN.

Writer of "Routledge Rides Alone" Enlisted to See the Spanish-American War—Got More Experience in the Philippines and Russo-Japanese War.

A stumpy young man with two straw colored wisps for eyebrows and a funny crooked little smile trotted down the Escolta, the Great White Way of Manila, on a rainy December night in 1899. He was going to mail some letters before turning in, but he stopped under an electric light to watch a column of regulars trudge silently up the muddy street. When they had disappeared in the night he ran into a staff officer whom he knew and asked him where that crowd was going.

"That's Lawton's column going out," was the answer, and the next minute the young man was skipping puddles toward his quarters just as fast as his short legs would take him. He saddled his pony and four miles out caught up with the column that was floundering along a hidden trail.

The young man was Will Levington Comfort, formerly a private in the regular cavalry and now Philippine correspondent for a Western newspaper syndicate. He told an interviewer the other day some of the things that caused him to write "Routledge Rides Alone," a story of a war correspondent, which gives such a picture of war and the terror of it that peace societies have used it to help their cause. It is "simply a straight yarn," according to Mr. Comfort.

When he left the cavalry his experience in the Spanish-American war got him the Philippine assignment, and he found himself in Manila in 1899 waiting for action. On the afternoon of the day when he went to mail his letters he and several other correspondents had gone to Gen. Lawton and asked him if they could go along the next time the General went out on an expedition.

"Now Lawton was a typical regular army man," said Mr. Comfort. "There were no fireworks for him. He wanted to go out and fight, and he didn't care whether he got his name in the papers or not. But when we got down on our knees to him he finally consented to take us along, and told us to come around the next morning.

"When I saw the column going out that night I knew of course that Lawton was giving us the slip. If he met a correspondent in the field he took care of him in fine style, but he didn't want a mob trailing along from Manila."

Comfort tagged along after the column all that night through a cold wet rain, and in the morning the column found itself on the bank of the San Mateo River across the stream from the town of that name. On the other side of the river, now swollen by the rains, were the Filipino insurgents in a stone blockhouse.

For a long time there was a hunt for fords. The men thrashed around in the jungle, drenched and chilled by the rain, unable to light a fire or a cigarette. Lawton was striding up and down the bank conspicuous in his yellow slicker and white helmet and the natives were trying to get him, for there was a price of 10,000 Mexican dollars on his head. Then an officer of Lawton's staff was shot, and as Lawton bent over him Comfort saw the General suddenly fall forward on top of the officer. He had been shot through the lungs.

"As soon as the men realized what had happened, that Lawton, whom they all adored for the fighting man that he was, had been shot by those natives, there was a sudden thrill all along the line," said Mr. Comfort. "The men didn't wait for any fords then.

"They went into that dirty river and across it and into the village. Most of the niggers had skipped when they found that Lawton had been killed, for they knew what was coming to them. Our men cleaned out that village to the last yellow dog."

Comfort went on to tell how he got back to Manila with his story. He couldn't wait for the column, which did not move until late that afternoon, but had to go back alone over the trail on which the natives had closed in. He threw away his gun so that he could have what slim advantage might accrue to a non-combatant if he were captured and travelled on foot, hiding in drowned paddy fields when he saw the glint of little red legs in the jungle, dodging through the bush and finally making his way unscathed back to Manila and the cable office.

Comfort came from Detroit originally. He was 19, just out of high school and a cub reporter on a Detroit paper when along came the Spanish war. He knew that he would be attending meetings of the board of local improvement in his home town while the war was going on. No one would pick a cub reporter for a special correspondent's berth, and this particular cub simply had to see some action. So he got up one morning and enlisted as the youngest member of a troop of veterans in the Fifth United States Cavalry.

After a spell of kicking around at Tampa he was sent with his troop to Porto Rico and stuck up on top of a mountain with ten others, all twice his age and all as hard as crocodiles, to wash beans dishes. He was honorably elected camp cook as soon as his detachment left San Juan.

Well, he sat on that mountain and cleaned bean dishes and sweltered under the sun and ran the kitchen and wished he was back in Detroit. Then one day there came to him out of a clear sky $30 from a Detroit newspaper for some letters that he had sent about the war.

"It was regular green money," said Mr. Comfort, "the first that had been seen in those parts for a good long time, and after the shock abated a bit I went down to the village to spend it."

For two cents in Mexican money one could purchase a quart of rum in a tin cup with orange juice and brown native sugar squeezed in. Private Comfort came back from that village forgetful of past misfortunes.

The first man he met was the sergeant in command. Now it so happened that this worthy was "up the pole," which according to Mr. Comfort is the army idiom indicative of total abstinence. The sergeant gazed upon Mr. Comfort and told him that in addition to some uncleansed bean dishes to be attended to there awaited guard duty for him, something that a cook usually escapes. There was an argument which ended in two troopers sitting on Comfort's head and the decision on his part to do guard duty. He went to sleep on guard duty, however, and was marched off to the calaboose, an old Porto Rico prison, to await trial by court martial.

"I spent most of my spare time digging ditches until they should come to take me to San Juan for the trial," said Mr. Comfort. "I had an armed guard all to myself, and he used to sit by the dirt that I dug up and blubber like Ortheris about being homesick and wishing he could get up and desert.

"Bill McKinley, from a volunteer regiment, who died later, was the only other prisoner, and he and I were dragged around from one calaboose to another telling each other that as soon as we got out we would fight the whole army. One day by great subtlety I managed to develop a sprain in my wrist sufficiently serious to send me to the hospital, where I spent three blessed, ditchless days flat on my back reading a copy of Ouida's 'Under Two Flags.'

"They delayed sending me to San Juan and then came my discharge from the army. It seems that my friends back home had been working for me and they got the discharge from Secretary Alger.

"There were blanks on it that had to be filled out and they read, 'court-martial, none,' 'service, honorable and faithful,' but on the front my Captain had written 'character bad.' The next year I was riding with Generals in the Philippines."

After the Philippine assignment he went to the Russo-Japanese war, where he saw little action, but got his copy for "Routledge Rides Alone."

In this book, his first novel, although he had written many short stories, he set down things as he saw them.

"War," he says in it, "is immense and final for the big devil clutched souls who make it—an achievement indeed to gather and energize and hurl this great force against an enemy—but what a rotten imposition upon the poor little obscure men who fight, not a tithe the richer if they take all Asia."

Again he says: "It seems hardly fair to use grownups like that—men, white men with spines at right angles from the snake's and a touch of eternity in their insides somewhere."

Mr. Comfort has given up war stories for a while. He has written a new book called "She Buildeth Her House," which will be ready in May and which J. B. Lippincott will publish. It is about a man and a woman and their psychological troubles.

"I'm going in for the man and woman game now," said Comfort, "the big stuff, psychology, you know." As he spoke one could almost hear the anguished Mr. James calling out in horror from across the waters. But even if he does talk this way about his work he is intensely in earnest about it. "I think it's all right for a young man from the age of 20 to 30, let's say, to go out in the open and chase his color and know men.

"I know men all over the world, from the pack trains of Luzon to the squares of Philadelphia, and it's done me good. But I've finished that part of the game now. I'm getting down to the real stuff, I hope.

"A kid wants a great big canvas that he can stand off and slop colors at, but an older man wants to do something finer, like a miniature. I want the whole market, but I want to get it on legitimate grounds, never forgetting that if I'm writing a novel, no matter where the scene is laid, I mustn't forget the tale. I wrote a man's book and the women went after it. Now I've written a woman's book. Will it hit the men, I wonder?"

A NEW LIFE OF LOUVET.

John Rivers Defends the Dashing Politician and Novelist.

In his biography of Jean Baptiste Louvet, revolutionist and romance writer, John Rivers takes exception to the contempt with which Carlyle disposes of Louvet and his "Faublas." Mr. Rivers's purpose is to make it clear that Louvet presented a true and adequate picture of his times, and that, besides being a great writer, he was also himself a fascinating hero of romance. Mr. Rivers considers Louvet an important figure in the French Revolution, and calls his "Faublas" an invaluable picture of French society under the ancien régime.

Louvet also wrote "Recit de Me Périls," upon which Mr. Rivers has based his biography. This book was twice translated into English in 1795, but has not been reprinted in English since. Mr. Rivers has taken Louvet's story, filled in the gaps where the continuity of the narrative was broken by its author's hardships, and retold the whole. Louvet wrote his story under most trying circumstances of flight and adventure, and the biographer has retained in his book the rapid and breathlessly exciting movement of the participant.

The story tells of Louvet's political activity from the fall of the Bastile to the beginning of the Directoire. Louvet, a Girondist, escaped to Normandy with a band of Girondist deputies after their expulsion from the convention in 1793. He tells of their persecution and flight across France, tracked like wolves from liar to lair, and of their wandering in disguise from one hiding place to another. There are fights and hairbreadth escapes, and in all it sounds like one of Dumas's dashing tales. Throughout runs the charming love story of Louvet and Lodoiska.

The book is published by Brentano.

NEW GERMAN PLAYWRIGHTS.

Percival Pollard Discusses Some Phases of Teutonic Literature.

"Masks and Minstrels of New Germany," by Percival Pollard, is an entertaining book published by John W. Luce & Co. The writer begins with the Überbrettl movement "for the improvement of the rubbish in vogue" in the music halls and lighter theatres of Germany just before the beginning of the present century. It marked the efforts of young German poets, with Otto Julius Bierbaum at their head, to replace doggerel by real lyrics set to real melodies.

The book contains a chapter on the pioneers of "Germany's New Nationalism," treating of the insurgents against spineless literature, including Bleibtrau, M. G. Conrad, the Hart brothers, Hermann Conradi, and, finally, Hermann Bahr, author of "The Concert." Another chapter tells of Otto Julius Bierbaum, "troubadour, discoverer of fellow artists, novelist, traveller and most musical minstrel of our time."

A chapter tells of Ludwig Thomas and his comedy, "Moral," which goes as deep into the same field as "Mrs. Warren's Profession," but is lighter and is more truly stuff for laughter. The author says that no "country where hypocrisy or puritanism prevail as factors in social and municipal conduct should be spared the corrective acid of this play."

The final chapter is devoted to Vienna's triumph with "The Merry Widow," which attracted theatrical agents from all over the world. Part of the chapter is an appreciation of Hermann Bahr, whose "Concert," Mr. Pollard says, stills the rumor that, like all Viennese, he is "merely clever." It lifts him into the front rank among contemporary dramatists.

IRISH HUMOR IN DRAMA.

J. M. Synge Has Combined Them in "The Tinker's Wedding."

"The Tinker's Wedding," a comedy in two acts, by J. M. Synge, is published by John W. Luce & Co. In his preface to the work Mr. Synge writes that drama is made serious not by the degree in which it is taken up with problems that are serious in themselves, but by the degree in which it gives the nourishment on which our imaginations live. This was nearly always true in Spain, England and France, when the drama was at its richest, "but in these days the playhouse is too often stocked with the drugs of many seedy problems, or with the absinthe or vermouth of the last musical comedy."

Mr. Synge believes that of the things which nourish the imagination, humor is one of the most needful. The scene of Mr. Synge's comedy is laid in Ireland, because there "the whole people, from the tinkers to the clergy, have still a life, and view of life, that are rich and genial and humorous. He does not believe that "these country people, who have so much humor themselves, will mind being laughed at without malice, as the people in every country have been laughed at in their own comedies."

The dramatis personæ are only four. They are *Michael Byrne*, a tinker; *Mary Byrne*, his mother; *Sarah Casey*, a young tinker woman, and *A Priest*. The comedy is in two acts.

HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI.

A New Publication Largely Devoted to the Brothers Adam.

Since the opening of a new hotel which is decorated and furnished throughout in a style that is different from the Empire and the various "Louis" there has been a great deal heard in New York about the Adam style. Some have referred to it as the "Adams" style, and not a few who felt sure the word was French have been talking to their friends about "Adong" things.

Incredible as it may seem to those who associate English taste in furniture and building with the early Victorian era, the Adam style is British, more definitely Scottish in a way, and owes its name to two brothers, Robert and James Adam, two famous architects of the latter part of the eighteenth century. They not only gave their family name to furniture and decorative style, but their relation to an important part of London, known as the Adelphi, and their Christian names are perpetuated by a Robert street and a James street in that section. Their architectural efforts are familiar enough in England, but it is for their furniture and decorations that the name of the brothers has been borne beyond.

In his "Literary History of the Adelphi" Austin Brereton has this to say about Robert Adam, who was born at Kirkcaldy in 1728:

"At Edinburgh University he became on friendly terms with several fellow students who also attained fame, including David Hume, Dr. William Robertson, the historian; Adam Smith, the political economist, and Adam Ferguson, the philosopher. In his twenty-sixth year Robert Adam visited Italy in the company of Clerisseau, a French architect, and made a minute study of the ruins of the Emperor Diocletian's palace at Spalatro, a Venetian Dalmatia. The journal of his tour was printed in the *Library of the Fine Arts*. Soon after his return he was appointed architect to George III. This office he was obliged to resign in 1768, when he was elected to Parliament as member for Kinrossshire."

Robert Adam and his brother James built many great houses in England, and they originated the idea, so common in parts of London, of giving to a number of unimportant private buildings the appearance of one imposing structure, notably as in Portland, Stratford and Hamilton places. They used stucco to face brick houses, and for the right to use a composition for that purpose patented by a Frenchman they fought and gained two lawsuits.

"Whatever were the architectural defects of their works," adds Mr. Brereton, "the brothers formed a style which was marked especially in their interiors by a fine sense of proportion and a very elegant taste in the selection and disposition of niches, lunettes, reliefs, festoons and other classical ornaments. It was their custom to design furniture in character with their apartments and their works of this kind are still greatly prized. Among them may be specially mentioned their sideboards with elegant urn shaped knife boxes, but they also designed bookcases and brackets, pedestals and cabinets, clock cases and candelabra, mirror frames and console tables of singular and original merit, adapting classical forms to modern uses with a success unrivalled by any other designers of furniture in England."

IRVING BACHELLER'S LATEST.

"Keeping Up With Lizzie" Pretends to Nothing but First Rate Fun.

Harper & Bros. offer a short novel by Irving Bacheller called "Keeping Up With Lizzie," which is a story of a Connecticut village and mostly told in the dialect of which Mr. Bacheller is so fond.

The tale is for the most part put in the mouth of Socrates Potter, the local dispenser of law, logic and loans. Lizzie is the daughter of one of the village grocers. Her father's principal rival has a son, Dan, who is sweet on the aforesaid Lizzie. When the latter's parents decide to educate and polish up their daughter a bit a pace is started which gets faster and faster, the whole village trying to keep up in its way with its heroine.

When Lizzie's pa sends her off to boarding school Dan's father sends him off to Harvard, and then as the pace increases the rival grocers put up the prices of hams and sugar and other things, and the villagers are thus made to pay for the education of the two young persons. Finally things come to such a pass that people are mortgaging their farms to buy automobiles to help them keep going with the pacemaker, and then Mr. Potter takes a hand.

He persuades Dan to quit Harvard and fit himself at an agricultural school for scientific farming. Lizzie and her mother in the meanwhile have gone off to Europe looking for a fairy prince, and return with a supposedly noble Russian in their train. Rolanoff is scheduled to marry Lizzie, and the latter's dad has raised $10,000 on a mortgage and handed it over to the foreigner to make things sure. Then Rolanoff is discovered to be an adventurer.

A homily from Socrates inspires Lizzie to take up the running of her father's store, Dan takes to helping his dad in a similar fashion, and the two young people cut the price of hams and such things for a time and the atmosphere becomes charged with bitterness until Dan, at Mr. Potter's instigation, tries courting other girls and Lizzie becomes amenable. Socrates in the end tries his hand at catching up with Lizzie by marrying the village old maid. Everybody is left happy.

ENGLISH HISTORY GUIDE.

Attractively Told Tales Make Up a Story for Young Readers.

Another book of the Guide series has been published. It is called "A Guide to English History for Young Readers," by Henry W. Elson (the Baker and Taylor Company). This is the kind of a history which it is a pleasure and not a task to peruse. Not a long list of facts in chronological order, but a series of pleasantly told anecdotes which lose none of their attractiveness because absolutely true.

The history is very modern and very thorough, being written for our own times, as Charles Dickens wrote the "Child's History of England" for his. The purpose of the book is not so much to interest the special student as the general reader, who may not care as a rule for history at all.

The illustrations and the maps of early England and modern England in the book add considerably to its interest. An illustration of "The Armada Off the Isle of Wight, 1588," is from an engraving after a famous tapestry. Another page has portraits of Queen Elizabeth, Jane Seymour, A Lady of Quality and Lady Mayoress of London in quaint Old World costume. Portraits of Oliver Cromwell, Sir Francis Drake, George III., Charles I., Geoffrey Chaucer, Horatio Nelson, William Pitt and of Queen Victoria and her Ministry, 1837, are valuable additions to the book.

The author's aim has been to follow the main line of national development and to give something typical of every great period.

"MARY" A NOVEL OF SERVICE.

Winifred Graham's New Book a Story of an Exalted Character.

Mitchell Kennerly publishes "Mary," by Winifred Graham, written for those who enjoyed "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" and who paused and thought over "The Servant in the House." The reader there meets with a woman of beauty of character, whose life is one long period of service and charity, and who labors for all who need her service, whether they be rich or poor.

The story has running throughout an undercurrent of mysticism which holds the interest of the reader. It begins with the discharge of the gardener because his master believed the gardener had been swindling him. A woman gardener is recommended for the place because "her love of flowers is intense," and "she is like a devoted mother in the nursery." The gardener is "Mary," whose life has been surrounded in mystery, which is gradually unveiled for the reader.

Throughout the story Mary labors and ministers to those who need her services, ever enduring a burden which her humbleness and humility have thrust upod her, and working to prove the innocence of the gardener whom she displaced, and who is at last able to go back to his employer.

THE POET FOGAZZARO'S NOVEL.

It Contains Studies of Religious Problems Within a Love Story.

The last novel of Antonio Fogazzaro, whose death occurred in March, is now published in translation, and is certain to arouse great interest, not only in those readers who took up Fogazzaro's "The Saint" because they had heard of it as a sensational polemic against ecclesiasticism in the Roman Catholic Church of Italy, but also in the large and growing Anglo-American public that values Fogazzaro's books for their immediate sake. This writer, after winning distinction by his poetry, turned to prose, and at once established himself as the foremost modern Italian fictionist, with claims to world preeminence. "The Saint" is his best known work because of the controversy it aroused, ending with its addition to the *Index Liberorum Prohibitorum*.

"Leila," the novel now appearing in English, continues some of the characters of "The Saint," though it is not directly in sequence from that novel. It contains studies of religious problems, but these are incidental, the primary interest being a brilliant love story.

A young physician who has been torn between conservatism and modernism in his religious faith falls in love with Leila. The girl has the opportunity to become an heiress, but under circumstances distasteful to her. A third and greatest conflict arises between the pair for when Leila comes to return Massimo's love an untrue story reaches her of immoralities in his previous life. When she repels him in consequence he does not understand it and his pride is fired. Estrangement results, ended largely through the offices of Donna Fedele, an elderly invalid nun of beautiful nature, who befriends the girl and is her lover's confidante.

"Leila" has been translated with sympathy by Mary Pritchard Agnetti, who has succeeded in rendering much of the quality of Fogazzaro's literary art. As invariably happens in such cases, experience in poetry gave to his creative prose a beauty and distinction which the ordinary "realist" in fiction never considers and never approaches.

("Leila," a companion volume to "The Saint," by Antonio Fogazzaro; translated by Mary Pritchard Agnetti. Hodder & Stoughton.)

BOOK OF THE WESTERN RANGES.

George Pattullo's Collection of Stories Is Called "The Untamed."

"The Untamed" (Desmond Fitzgerald, Inc.,) by George Pattullo is a collection of range stories that have appeared from time to time in the *Saturday Evening Post*, *McClure's Magazine* and the *American Magazine*.

My coffee I boil without being ground,
The fire I kindle with chips gathered round;
My books are the brooks, my sermons the stones;
My parson's a wolf on pulpit of bones;
The sky is my ceiling, my carpet's the grass;
My music's the lowing of herds as they pass.

—Ballad of the Trail Boss.

This ditty prefaces the book. They are robust tales of the call of the wanderlust to the tamed, thus placing them in the category of the untamed, from Ol' Sam, the outfit mule that joins the band of outlawed mustangs that range the valleys of El Toro, to Come-a-Seven, the calf which escaped coyotes to grow up a lusty range steer and run off to range, an outlaw escaping the stockyards, on the Croton Brakes.

Others that figure are a coyote, a roping horse, a wolfhound, a range cow, a mountain lion, a jack and a mountain cow horse. Range life in the Southwest is pictured in the pages and through illustrations by Charles Livingston Bull, Haydon Jones, C. M. Russell and H. T. Dunn.

FOR THE PUBLIC SPEAKER.

A Newly Issued "Cyclopedia of Illustrations."

The season of New York's thousand and one annual dinners is about over, but persons who want to prepare during the summer for next season will find that the "Cyclopedia of Illustrations for Public Speakers" (Funk & Wagnalls) contains an ample supply for the entire season. The book is compiled and edited by Robert Scott and William C. Stiles of the *Homiletic Review* and contains nearly 900 pages of facts, incidents, stories, experiences and selections for illustrative purposes, with cross references. The book is drawn from varied sources, but chiefly from books of recent years, and is alphabetically arranged under topical headings.

The collection is intended to be serviceable to all public speakers. It does not exclude or include illustrations because they are specifically religious. For the special use of clergymen many of the illustrations have a reference to a Scripture text, and two text indexes are provided. Unusual care has been taken to make the work accurate, and whenever there has been doubt as to facts, authorities or statements the rule has been to exclude such matter. The editors say that no similar work represents an equal amount of painstaking labor, since a greater amount of matter was excluded than was used in the book.

"THE CHRIST MYTH."

Prof. Drews's Contention That Jesus Was Not Real Backed by Fervor.

One experiences a most active curiosity as to the personality of Arthur Drews when one reads his tome called "The Christ Myth" (the Open Court Publishing Company).

No one but a Teuton of course would so relentlessly go about the proving that Christ never really existed. As one reads the book one likes to think of Prof. Drews in his hochschule, "cold," as he says, to the mass meetings that have been held in the Busch Circus to protest against his book. Fervor always excites a sort of admiration, and we have so little fervor in our religious matters nowadays that we cannot but respect the zeal of a man who writes a book of 300 pages and stirs people to wrath in the writing.

Dr. Drews compares the myths current in the early Christian period with the writing of Paul and arrives at the triumphant conclusion that Jesus was not a historical figure, but the God of a sect made to seem real by Paul. You can almost hear him say "Now that will make them sit up," as he writes finis.

C. Delisle Burns translated the work and there is a possibility that some of the "Drews controversy" may come to us overseas. If there is a row over the book it is doubtful if the man in the subway will ever hear about it.

MORE ABOUT DAVE PORTER.

Edward Stratemeyer Continues the Exploits of His Boy Hero.

Edward Stratemeyer has written another of his Dave Porter books which the Lathrop, Lee & Shepard Co. regard as the most noteworthy of their spring publications. "Dave Porter and His Rivals" is the title of this latest addition to Mr. Stratemeyer's series and it will confirm the good impressions of Dave which those familiar with his early adventures have formed.

Dave Porter, Mr. Stratemeyer's hero, is just a good, all around boy, clean, manly and good hearted. His sense of honor helps him to emerge with flying colors from the snares of his enemies in the school which he attends, as, for example, when they tried to keep him off the football team.

There are illustrations by John Goss which will help to make the book attractive for boys and girls.

A NOVEL OF THE OLD SOUTH.

Plenty of Plot and Humor in Vaughan Kester's "The Prodigal Judge."

It is something to write a novel of a year so recent as 1835 and have it seem to be happening before your eyes. Yet Vaughan Kester's book, "The Prodigal Judge," which the Bobbs-Merrill Company publishes this spring, has that happy quality, perhaps because it tells a sound story, perhaps because of the humor that threads it everywhere. It is a story of the old slave holding South and capital reading.

The story starts with the death of old Gen. Quintard in North Carolina. The General had cared for a boy of 10, named Hannibal Wayne Hazard, whom he had refused ever so much as to look upon, just as he hadn't let any one see him these many years. The book centres around Hannibal, aged 10, and the strange and desperate endeavors of Murrell, villain, and others to get possession of the lad.

Murrell is a degenerate villain. He conspired for a servile insurrection; white man that he was he planned to have the blacks uprise and lay waste New Orleans, for instance. The reader is glad after thirty-six chapters to learn that he dies in jail. The secret of Hannibal Wayne Hazard is also a striking one. He proves to be the grandson of Judge Slocum Price, who out of a paternal joy has adopted him.

There is, to be sure, a straight love story blended in the book, and the characters Mahaffy, Judge Price and Bob Yancy are delightfully funny to the point of inspiring affection for them. The novel is of the pleasant old kind, where it was deemed essential for the story's roundedness to have a variety of persons on the stage, lovers, heroes, villains, "characters" all doing something, all interacting, all complete.

MUCH ACTION HERE.

"A Child of the Plains" Fairly Revels in Revolver Shots.

Most of the folks in "A Child of the Plains," by Wayne Groves Barrows (The C. M. Clark Publishing Co.), have hands that "shake violently" and faces that "turn ghastly green." This is not surprising when one realizes the nervous excitement that they are laboring under. The hero, who is a crack revolver shot and the possible son of an outlaw named "Apache Kidd," spends a great part of the time gazing into the barrels of six shooters pointed at him by his loving father. "But a father, you know, hasn't quite the heart" to shoot his only son, so he foolishly lets his offspring depart and after the latter is revived with whiskey he craftily ensnares the old man and gives him to the sheriff. Right up to the last chapter the atmosphere is pungent with burning powder and mighty Western idioms.

Finally, on page 429, "the father pushed her gently toward his son, and as the happy lovers clasped in loving embrace, he quietly left the room, with the tears running down his smiling cheeks."